

Two Poems · *Christopher Davis*

TRYING TO FLEE A DARK BEDROOM

We could
have death, turning on
a see-through globe's lightbulb, our small reach
expanding over contoured
continents. Rubbed between fingertips, the Andes.
The spine's gone. Then the Rockies. Nevada's desert, glowing
red around this palm, feels
like sun-crumpled leather. Maybe it is
all overheating
from the core out. This afternoon, late, the heat needled
a private's dust-brown back
until he squirmed, naked, boring
down into
the rough, dry grass, nailing
a hunger burned by ants
into a grave's eye.
Failing to.

TRYING NOT TO TEASE HIM

Walt, *were* you the last guy
capable of loafing out his brains
this wilting dusk,
on this dyed-red land killing quiet minutes

tiredly noting your reflection in some shoestore's silent window,
OPEN 24 HOURS
JUST TO SERVE YOU like my nametag
on the shut door?
Several phantoms testing traction in our image